

# Patriotic



February 1910

# Number

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FOR SPRING WEAR

In Memoriam

Harry William Madeira

Died December 21, 1909

Healdsburg, California

"He told his faith in Jesus;  
His simple prayer was said."

# Tale of De Sotoyoman

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# The Sotoyoman

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## Literary Department

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Vol. V      HEALDSBURG CALIFORNIA FEBRUARY 1910      No. 5

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### Washington—Lincoln

By J. M. Alexander

Destiny held in her hands two souls,  
Fashioned for a purpose they from their birth.  
Washington—where the Potomac rolls,  
Lincoln—as soil and clay of earth.  
Breathing she gave as the breath of life  
Into these souls her greatest gift;  
Freedom—as bought by the patriots' strife;  
Freedom—again 'neath the war cloud's drift.  
Cut from the sky—the stars and the blue;  
Our Nation's flag—'twas Washington gave.  
Crossed with its bare of morning hue;  
Ours forever, from dishonor to save.  
Nailed to the mast of our Ship of State,  
The stars and the stripes forever to float;  
'Twas Lincoln was guard at the Union's gate,  
With our flag unfurled at the moat.  
Sleeping they lie—we call it Death;  
Living—they're living as heroes grand;  
Their souls are the spirit of Freedom's breath,  
A part of our Flag, our Home and our Land.

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## George Washington

“Father of His Country”

Born February 22, 1732—Virginia  
President of United States 1789-1797  
Died—Mt. Vernon, December 14, 1799

He fought, but not with love of strife, he struck  
but to defend;  
And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be  
a friend.  
He strove to keep his country's right by rea-  
son's gentle word,  
And sighed when fell injustice threw the chal-  
lenge—sword to sword.  
He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot  
and the sage;  
He showed no deep, avenging hate, no burst of  
despot rage.  
He stood for liberty and truth, and dauntless-  
ly led on  
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of  
Washington.

[Selected]

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## Abraham Lincoln

“Saviour of His Country”

Born February 12, 1809—Kentucky

President of United States, 1861-1865

Died—Washington, D. C., April 15, 1865

Glorious Lincoln, blessed martyr  
Heavenly center of our love!  
With thy blind and willful people  
How thy faithful spirit strobe!  
With thy friends and foes around thee  
In that hurricane of strife.  
Calm, determined, firm, they found thee  
In thy Deeds of mercy rife.  
While a bright, celestial halo  
Crowned and glorified thy life.

[Selected]

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## Where The Potomac Flows

The sun is setting over the distant hills, and the birds in the dells are sweetly singing their eventide lullabies. Only those that have really experienced a Southern summer evening know the great beauty and fascination. In the vales the shadows linger longest, and the fragrance of the honeysuckle is wafted by the gentle breeze. In such a paradise is situated Mount Vernon, the beautiful home of Washington, with its broad verandas, covered with Virginia creepers and honeysuckle. The long French windows open to the veranda and through it floats the aroma of the Southern flowers into the spacious, open halls.

The scene was one of excitement, for tonight George Washington returns home after this successful term of office, and the household are eagerly awaiting. A sumptuous dinner stands ready and the house is thrown open. The trees, the twining vines and flowers, all seem to whisper a welcome to the advancing chief. Hark!—he is coming—yes, the party is seen in the distance, and all crowd on the broad veranda. He approaches, and the sight of his beautiful and peaceful home makes him tremble with happiness. The yard is reached and chivalrously he jumps from his horse to clasp his wife in his arms. "Greetings to all my good people," he exclaims, and all in a tumult of rejoicing unfurl a large flag. Tears fill the chief's eyes as he tenderly clasps the emblem of liberty and fervently whispers, "The Stars and Stripes forever." And so the rejoicing goes and Washington

is happy and content at home at last. The evening advances and finally alone Washington slips out on the veranda to have a few minutes quiet thought.

The stars peep playfully around the moon and blue heavens. The broad Potomac swept by majestically, and as the moon shone down upon the blue waters, the tripling ripples seemed as dainty dimples and smiles. Alone on the veranda he stood—Washington, the first President of the glorious nation. Silently he stood as dreaming, but his thoughts were busy. Had he done his duty, had he accomplished all that was possible and had he no dishonor on his name, or left any on the presidential chair? Sadly he thought of many incidents that had been distressing and his heart grew heavy. But as he stood thus, this great man we all revere, answers to all these fears came; the fragrant flowers, the wafted breeze and dear old homestead, all seemed to say, "You have served your country well." And when the moon above shone upon him brightly a gentle hand lay on his shoulder and Martha, his wife, murmured, "I'm so proud of you, Our President." And standing by the twining honeysuckles under God's canopy of blue skies and twinkling stars with his loved one by him, George Washington, our hero, felt content as all nature and even God's voice seemed to say in comforting tones, "The name of Washington is unsullied." And as he lies now in his grave we can all say in one reverent voice, "The name of Washington is immortal."



## His Prayer

"A heavy fog lay over the river, and the whistles blew warningly. The "Louisiana," a huge freight flat boat, slowly worked its way out of the harbor onto the uncertain waters. The captain anxiously walked around the deck giving orders. "Gad, but this is rather dangerous—all the freight secure Abe?" he called out to a busily engaged young man, who looked up respectfully. "Yes, Captain, I think so—any orders?" And the deck hand came nearer. "No, unless you go to the other end of the boat and see that those niggers are all right—they might get away." "I think not, Captain, they're on their honor," and the deckhand looked earnestly at his superior officer, who looked surprised. "Ho-ho, Lincoln, when did you become sympathizer of those black creatures?" A flush spread over the face of the tall youth as he quietly remarked, "I believe in justice to all," and turning he walked away. Captain Graham shrugged his shoulders and lit his pipe. "Never thought there was that much in that consarned gawky fellow. Hope he won't give me any trouble, but he is a good worker," and with this he dismissed the thought.

Meanwhile Lincoln had gone to the end of the boat and there found five niggers huddled together. Four were young, but one, an old man, was feeble and gaunt. His black face was thin and drawn and his voice weak. As Lincoln came up to them, terror filled their hearts until he spoke quietly, and they looked into his honest and so kindly face. "Massa"—feebly came from the old fellow, "Ise not goin' to be heah much more, but Massa, will yo' look out fo' mah gal and don't let her be a slave. Ise knows, and Massa, you look good." As he pointed tremblingly at a young girl huddling in the corner, he grew weak and fainted. Tenderly Lincoln knelt and put the old nigger's head in his lap, smoothing his brow, and the other slaves looked on miserably. Lincoln's kindly face showed

sorrow as he shook his head and looked at the face in his lap. "I fear he will not live long." Something in his face seemed to tell the girl her father was dying and blindly she groped her way to him. In her ignorant yet loving way she put her fingers on his face, and bent her head. At this moment the Captain arrived, and could he believe his eyes? There knelt Lincoln, his ungainly figure bent over the withered frame of the old slave and the mulatto girl on her knees before him. What, was this deckhand inciting rebellion? His blood boiled as he stepped forward authoritatively. "Lincoln, what do you mean, leave those dogs alone." Calmly the honest one looked up at the wrathful officer and said "Captain, you are in the presence of death, prayers are all that are needed now." "What, I pray for niggers? Never, and what's more you're discharged. When we reach port you go." Angrily he glared at Lincoln, who still spoke in the same calm, firm manner. "Yes, I will go, but Captain, while I'm here I will be a friend to these unfortunate wretches. They are human and have feelings. While he lived he was faithful, and now as he crosses the great chasm of Death let us mourn as we would for one of God's creatures. He was a father and this orphan mourns just as would your daughter if you should die. Captain, pray with me for the repose of this unfortunate man who was a faithful slave, for this orphan in her misery, and for all the wretches who are the poor slaves of white men; pray Captain, for the forgiveness of God for this crime." Silently the Captain bowed his head and uncovered his gray hair. Yes, he felt to the heart Lincoln's plea, and his hardened heart softened. Pityingly he looked at the poor slavees as he never had before, but his gaze stayed longest on that kindly face of Lincoln, as he knelt in prayer, and casting his eyes to Heaven, whispered, "God bless that good man, and would that there were a whole nation of Abraham Lincolns."



## A Night in Spookville

By H. S., '12

(True experience of an H. H. S. Freshie)

It was a night in November,  
A night I'll never forget,  
A night I'll always remember,  
A night that is well met.

We walked toward the graveyard,  
As merry as could be.  
We noticed nothing going,  
Or nothing did we see.

We walked into the grave yard,  
Singing a song of glee.  
The night was just a dandy,  
And nothing did we see.

The moon was shining brighter  
Than it ever did before.  
It shone upon the tombstones,  
And Oh! What sights we saw.

It looked like ghosts of Spookville,  
With lights upon their heads.  
The trees were sighing gently—  
I turned for home, but said,  
"I'll walk a little further,  
And see the buried dead."

But Freshie dear, he did not hear  
What we were up to, then,  
We took a road that lead us on  
Right to the willow tree,  
And there we had awaiting us  
A skeleton, don't you see.

Our bravest man was Freshie, dear,  
But he was putting on,  
For every time we'd mention ghost,  
He'd pause—and look around.

We walked right on to our joking place,  
And not a sound was heard,  
When all of a sudden came a cry  
That there were ghosts for sure.

Our bravest man, the Freshie lad,  
Upon his knees he fell,  
He gave a yell as loud as—a bell  
We'd cured him of the bad.

"Boys," he said, "I'm almost dead,  
And I'm a great big fool,  
This a lesson I'll never forget  
As long as I go to school."



## His Valentine

SCHOOL had taken up for the day, and teacher was calling the roll. Unusual excitement prevailed, heads were bobbing across the aisles to whisper a word to a favorite friend, while notes scurried hither and thither.

Teacher grew angry and rapped for order. "This is a nice way to begin St. Valentine's day. If there is any more disturbance we will not have the box.

Immediately all was still and the little sixth graders were hard at work.

Promptly at three the waste basket was emptied to serve as the Valentine box. Envelopes of all sizes and shapes filled it. This done, the teacher began calling off the names, and what a noise. Some were disappointed and angry at some flattering, highly colored forms, while others screamed with delight. The teacher received many and as she opened each, her smiling face nodded acknowledgement.

Little groups had gathered here and there wildly comparing Valentines, and brains were busily solving the sender when there was no name attached. Suddenly all eyes turned toward the corner. Little Ralph, a black-eyed, lonely boy, with his curly head bent over his desk, gave way to sobs. Had he been forgotten? Yes, he only had been forgotten. The teacher, filled with tenderness quietly walked to his desk, and leaning over lovingly stroked his head. "Why, dear, didn't you get any Valentines, here's one of mine, and one from Emma, and Tom; oh, my, lots of them," as each cheerfully gave up their most beautiful one. "No, no, I don't want 'em," he managed to say between sobs, "thanks, nobody loves me any more," and he rubbed his eyes with a dirty brown fist. Jim Black and Roy Lowell, two of the biggest boys, had left a few minutes before. "Say!" Jim exclaimed when they got outside, "what do you think of that? You know those comics we had all fixed for teacher? Well, she didn't get 'em 'cause I had my optics right on her to see what she would do when

she got that awful one, and in the same envelope were two swell ones." Roy, slipping up closer, answered, "I'll bet Ralph changed them, for he came in when we were getting those ugly ones fixed. Take it from me, I'll mash his nose yet." "I'll help you, too," assented Jim, "but to think we got the very ones we sent to teacher—stung again." And they started for town.

Long after school hours Ralph and his "dere teacher" sat in the school room. He told her how he had changed the Valentines and with his little coppers, long saved up, bought her two pretty ones to put in the place of the ugly ones. He told her, too, of his lonely life at home, and his gambling father. She listened attentively and a few minutes later, having kissed him at his corner, with a grieved heart.

That night she looked over her remembrances, the one, a plain white piece of paper, written in childish words and script, "Dere Teacher, will you be my Valentie? From Ralph;" delighted her most. Her thoughts pictured a little, lonely, black-eyed boy, and with this thought she hurried to his home.

On the steps was found him sitting with a faded Valentine that his mother had given him a year before, clasped in his hands.

He rose to greet her, and bending over him she lovingly whispered, "Yes, Ralph, my little love, I'll be your Valentine." The moon spread her beams in a pale glamour about them, and in each little eye tears of joy, yet a quiver passed over his face revealing the innermost sadness. She quietly stole away knowing she had tried to do her duty to make one moment bright in the boy's sad life.

Two other boys parted that night feeling happier than if their plot had been accomplished. "Yes, it was better so," they both agreed, "and little Ralph did right."

Peacefully sleeping a little curly head dreams of his Valentine.





Harry Madeira, '09

## Our Departed One

The sad duty is mine to write this concerning Harry, and yet, with the sadness I am glad I can write of him and say such things of good repute that would be honor to any one. This loved school mate, who was taken from us so early, was a favorite with all and just as he stood on the threshold of manhood he was taken from all his friends, and relatives and taken to a land of Rest and Beauty, where he is now, happy with his mother and father—the little family group is complete.

Since we first started to school Harry was one of us and his bright entertaining ways made him one to be sought after. When he first began life in Healdsburg High, Harry entered as a member of

'09. He was seen everywhere at the athletic games social and school affairs. How well and how robust he seemed as he came smilingly to school, cracked the pistol out on the track for the boys, and took long rows on the river. Always smiling, always happy, was this dear friend of ours, and little we dreamed that he would be the first to leave our midst. But the deadly germ was there and the time was nearing. Before his graduation he was compelled to leave school and went south. We all wished him "Bon Voyage" and better health, and he in his usual hopeful spirits replied that he'd soon be back to us all. Yes, he came back, and with his class received his diploma, and then—how can I tell it. The summer died away and winter came and Harry grew no better. Crowds of his classmates and friends went each week to see him, and their hearts were sad after those visits—for the truth could be hidden no longer—Harry was not now the rosy cheeked "Little Sammy" of days gone by, but with pale cheeks and undeniable signs of the dread disease, was waiting for the time. He lived with his Aunt in her beautiful home, surrounded with all the love and comfort possible, and may she be blessed for her goodness to that orphan, the boy so early stricken from the stalk of life. Xmas approached with its usual gladness, and poor little Harry expressed the wish that he might live until the New Year. But the Heavenly Father had ruled it otherwise, and on Tuesday morning, December 21, '09, the Angel of God gathered the frail form of Harry close to her and bore him Home.

Sadly we all gathered together Thursday, December 23, '09, for the funeral of Harry. Many hearts were sad as they gazed at the stilled form of their once so jolly school mate and realized it was for the last time. Tenderly they bore him to the grave where beautiful flowers caressed the sod under which he lay. Yes, hard are the sorrows of death, especially to see one die who has not spent his life, and one who is so hopeful. Yet, in all our days of sorrow we must think that the dear ones departed are so happy and free from all the worldly pains.

Harry is gone from us—never again will we hear his ringing laugh or see his merry face, but the memory will last forever. It is grief for those he left, but we must be comforted knowing that "Little Sammy" now dwells in the "Land of Eternal Rest." "Rest, Harry, rest with thy Heavenly Father."

# The Editor's Page

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Again the year has rolled by and once more the time is nearing when we do honor to the memory of two immortals, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. From the wee child to the old and gray grandfather, we all know these two names and bless them. They both lived in times of strife and crudeness, yet they both rose as colossals of strength and saved the cause of their country. Yet, how different they were—one a Southern planter, handsome, rich and educated, the other a poor rail splitter, homely and not endowed as Washington. Yet we hold the same reverence for that homely, heavy lined face as we do for the more handsome one, and think of both of them as heroes of our splendid nation. Both were as honest, good and true as the skies above, and did their duty towards their fellowmen. Washington died at his home in Mount Vernon, free from cares of state and in peaceful quietness crossed the great divide. Lincoln, serving as President, died from a cruel bullet and his last days were filled with pain. But together in Heaven they stand comforted with the knowledge of their goodness

### Our Immortal Presidents

and surrounded with the divine halo of the Heavenly Father's love. There there is no pain or sorrow, but everlasting life for these, our Nation's pride, Washington and Lincoln.

In this issue comes the sad story of Harry Madeira our loved schoolmate, who left us, and this world December 21, '09.

### Condolences

The blow was a hard one and sorrow fully his comrades came together to administer the last comforts to him. To his relatives in their sorrow and loneliness we, the students of Healdsburg High School, extend our heartfelt sympathy for the loss of the dear one for we all feel it, too. And may the wound of sadness be soon healed in the thought that Harry is far happier now than he was here on earth.

The staff of is to have a rest. That is, we sincerely hope so. If convenient the Juniors will take charge of the Sotoyoman for the March issue, and that certainly sounds good to us. The

### Juniors will be Editors

class of '11 have always proved themselves very efficient in a literary way and we predict a splendid edition in case that class edits the March issue.

I mustn't neglect good old St. Valentine—no indeed for he is a great favorite with all. Children in school have their "Valentine Boxes," and what fun it is. Little boys in Knickerbockers and

### St.

### Valentine

sailor blouses send little quaint Valentines to the little lasses in pinafores, and such rosy blushes mount to their freckled faces. But you big folks needn't smile, you've all been there yourselves, and, too, I know lots of BIG boys that send them and big girls that blushing receive the dainty Valentines on Feb. 14—dear old St. Valentine's Day.

This month we publish a poem by J. M. Alexander, and appreciate it greatly. The editor wanting a patriotic piece sought Mr. Alexander and asked him for a contribution from his gifted pen. He kindly consented, and the result is before you. The sentiment is beautiful and we sincerely thank the author for it and feel indebted to him.

### To Mr.

### Alexander

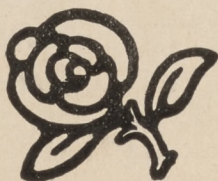
## SCHOOL



## NOTES

The bell rings and the noisy pupils leave. Then the inhabitants of the High school are happy—the roll card looks up lazily from its place on the desk and greets the bevy of report cards that are reclining peacefully in an upper drawer. Then a door opens and the typewriter comes in singing a merry song. "Hello, haven't seen you in a long time, but they say 'absence makes the heart grow fonder,'" "I hope tardiness does the same for there seems to be a great deal of that," said the newcomer, glancing at the many marks on the poor roll card. "Yes, indeed, there is," complained the register, "and I do get so tired being walked over every day." "Yes," replied the typewriter, "and maybe you think I don't get tired having to 'dance' all day long, but still I like the school." Yes, they are all dear people, I see that many of the pupils went away for Xmas vacation. "Is that so, I hadn't heard of that, who are they?" "Well, Evelyn Goddard '11 and Isabel Carter '11, both went to the city, and let me see, oh yes, Humbert Scatena '12 went down, too. Then Clara Allen '12 went to Vallejo and had a splendid time. And then it seems to me that some one told me

that we had a new Junior with us—a real jolly boy Schulz is his name, I believe, and do you remember Sibyl Hassett '12, well, she has retired, this is, 'quitted' and really it seems lonesome without her, and—" "Well, now, let us tell you some news," piped in the report cards, weakly, "Weaver Bagley '12, who was injured last summer, has returned to school and I overheard many of the pupils expressing themselves as being so glad—that's all we know," and thy quietly withdrew into the drawer. "As I was going to say," the typewriter began to click, "Monford Lowery '13 visited in Cloverdale Xmas week, for as a big man was bringing me up on the train I saw Monford getting on the cars. And just one more thing, dear friend, and then I must be off to my room—the teachers were all in the city Xmas week for Institute, and they had such a fine time—that is, that's what I supposed, but I must be off." "Yes, I should say so," replied the roll card, "for I must get off to sleep so as to be fresh for all those numerous marks I get in the morning from Mr. Hinchey." "And," interrupted the typewriter, as it started off, "I must be resting for all those hits and bangs I get from the naughty Freshies."



# Alumni Chats

SCENE—North Pole.

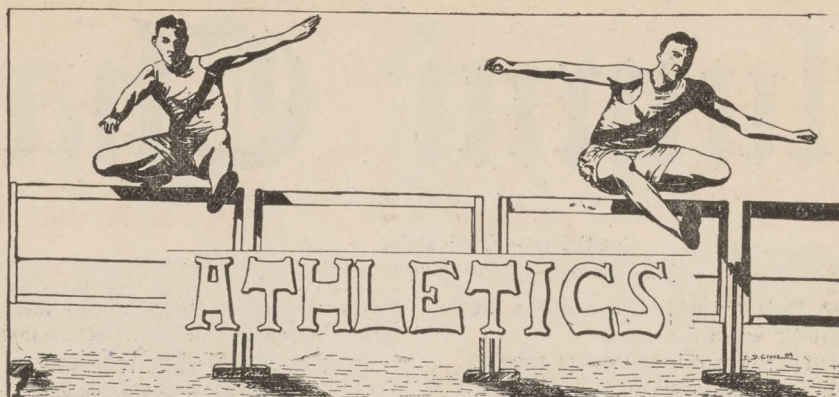
TIME—St. Valentine's Day.

An old Grad of Healdsburg High sits in a shanty near his "wireless" machine.

The Grad—"Gad! but this is beastly weather. I wish I hadn't taken this position. And if I'd known that Peary was going to leave me here alone with but a few gum drops to eat I'd revolted. My, but it was a splendid trip coming—those Wright boys certainly know how to run an air ship. I certainly enjoyed it, even tho Cook and Peary were continually nagging at each other. But now they're gone and altho' its lonesome I'm sort of glad. "Hello—guess I'll send a message to dear Healdsburg High and find out where all my old cronies and friends are. I wonder if Dolphy is still on deck and if they still have those heart rending 'quizzes.' I think it would be nice to get a few valentines from my dear friends, but 'gumdrops' for mine, I guess. Let me see, I'm going to ask about '05 and '06 grads first." He adjusts his machine and then the deafening noise ensues. Finally above the din he hears: "Cleveland Wise-carver '05 is visiting here from Berkeley, and Henry Coffman '05 is at present in Palo Alto. Charles Widlund '06 is home from Oregon, where he has been living the last two years, and Lester McDonough '06 spent New Year in San Francisco. Hold on, I'm not through. Well if they haven't stopped. I guess they don't realize how badly I want some news. I'll try again." Repeated efforts, but no response. "Huh! I 'spose they are all busy buying and exchanging valentines, and don't hear the message—hark—here it is—yes—yes, what is it"

Listens intently. "Gertrude Coffiffman '07 is wintering in San Diego, and Bert McDonough of the same class, spent Xmas week at home. Also, Miss Vira Sanborn '06 was married to Mr. Iverson. Heartiest wishes. That's just what I say, congratulate them for me. By the way, I must find out a'out all those Alumnus that are attending college" The message is sent—the answer: "Renaldo Jeffrey, Eddie Beeson, Beth Fox, Ora Young, Helen Young, Una Williams, Bertha Meyer, all of '09 class were home Xmas from U. C., San Francisco Normal and their respective schools. Fred Young '09 has returned to High for the Commercial course, and Melville McDounough has entered U. C.—click click. Well, that's a fine record for that dandy class. I always did think they would amount to a great deal. Well, well, this has certainly sounded good to me, all this news of the Alumni. I wish I could see them all. Listen—another message,—all right—Don't forget the 'naughty eights'—Floyd Baily and Royal Vitousek both of U. C., and Aubrey Butler, attending the same institution, were home for the holidays. Addie Crispin of San Francisco Normal, was also home, and was Dallas Wagers, who holds a position in San Francisco. Indeed, I won't forget the naughty eights, or any of the dear Healdsburg High. Here's to them all on this Valetine's Day and may I see them some day," he adds as he looks at his few remaining "gumdrops." If these last until our friends, Cook and Peary, arrive here."





They say "turn about is fair play," so we'll just take it for granted. We defeated the Santa Rosa boys on their court 17-22, and what did they do but come up here and drub us good. Yes, we played them and the game was splendid, it was certainly hop, skip and jump every moment, and they had to "go some" to beat us. The Santa Rosa boys were not the big fellows that formerly constituted the team, but they made up for it in quickness and team work. From the first whistle to the final one things were lively, and maybe you think there wasn't some excitement. Both teams simply waded in to it and it would do one good to watch the quick movements and plays of both teams. The first half resulted in a score of 14-14 and both sides still had an even chance to win. All faces were smiling and each fellow thought to himself, "We'll win." But being that only one side can win, we let (?) Santa Rosa have the honor as "hospitality" is our motto. Sour grapes. But frankly, Santa Rosa defeated us by a little the better team work and quickness, the last half. Our boys did some perfectly splendid stunts, to be sure, but failed to quite come up to the pace set by the visitors and if they didn't beat us 31-26. Then the hall rang with enthusiastic yells by the victors and cheers from the opposing sides. One team went off triumphant and "tickled to death," the other

with game faces vowing they'd turn the tables later on. But to be sure, they didn't go off to their dressing and, will I say it—do as girls do sometimes. Oh, no—but were soon ready for a good jolly dance, and with no signs of sorrow on their animated faces. The two line-ups were:

Santa Rosa—Wilson, Moore, McDaniels, Miller.

Healdsburg—Lampson, Scatena, Brannum, Hall and Mayes. Ross Chase, of Santa Rosa, refereed and his decisions were decidedly liked. He proved a most efficient and fair minded official for both teams. Sportsmanship and good feeling prevailed throughout the contest, which was not marred by stops and delays. Lampson and Scatena played exceedingly well in goal position and Hall as guard played a consistent game. Brannum, however, was not up to his usual good form. Miller and Moore of Santa Rosa proved dead shots at the baskets and threw many beautiful baskets.

The team goes to Petaluma Jan. 14 for a practice game but as the paper goes to press too soon the result can not be published in this issue. Also on Jan. 22 the first league game will be played at Sonoma. The team for the Petaluma game will be Lampson, Scatena, Jones, Mothorn, Hall. Brannum can not play in this game, as he is confined with sickness.





# Social Notes.

S. D. G. '09

## MASQUERADE PARTY

What a jolly time we had and what numbers of costumes there were. It was our first masque party, but it shall not be the last. I'm sure no one will ever forget it or the jolly time we all enjoyed. Country girls, Spanish dancers, city chaps, society girls, sunbonnet lassies, clowns, Mother Goose characters and hoboes, all mingled together, and many curious ones there were to peep 'neath masks, and ascertain just who that person was and if it was the "girl or boy that sat next to you in school?"

First came the "class stunts," for indeed we had a program. The Seniors came first with a "Graduation Up-to-Date." And we had speeches and real diplomas—indeed, they were the exact color of sheepskin—for lemons they were—not make-believe ones, but real sour lemons, handed us by a real live Santa Claus. Then the Freshies presented clowns in their antics, and following that was a pantomime, the cutest thing, all about a girl and boy and the awful time they had eluding "ma and pa." Then came an elaborate serenade. A handsome "colored gentleman" sang a touching ditty below the balcony of his lady love, and as the last words died away, she appeared at the window—to be sure her ebony face and large red lips set off

by a white night cap and gown—for indeed it was a moonlight serenade. Then two exquisitely gowned individuals sang "Romeo and Juliet—up-to-date, very modern don't you know." But the thing that just made everybody roar and hold their sides was the dialogue between two darkies. Of course we all know of the bravery (?) of the colored folks on dark nights and their "love" for spooks. Well, these two gave a little scene of the same and the way they trembled, rolled their eyes and huge mouths, and cast their eyes about in terror, it was—well, if you had been there yourself "you'd found out."

Then came the time for unmasking, and such ejaculations of surprise, when you found a stately young lady with a falsetto voice a husky athlete, and the "city sport" one of the meekest of the boys. The hall presented a brilliant picture when all joined in the dancing and the many costumes showed off to advantage. Cornucopias were served and how ecolling they were. Indeed, we are very thankful for the assistance the faculty rendered us in the arrangement of the party, and whenever a masque party is suggested, we will all rise and in one voice acclaim "A Masque party for us EVERY time."



# Our Valentine Box

St. Valentine's day here again! Well, I must take a peek into the school Valentine box. Whew! looks good to me. Aren't there some beauties in there, tho. What a treat I'll have looking them over.

First here's the Christmas "Tiger"—What a beauty.. It will take a more critical person than I am to find any fault with this paper. The poem, "At Christmas Time," is beautiful.

Another beauty is the "Oracle," for Christmas. The arrangement is neat and there are some pretty poems. "The Ruined Chapel" especially attracts my attention. The josh column is not very good.

The September "Review"—The cover is surely more attractive than the rest of the paper. There is good material; and the poem "A Senior Meeting" is cute. There are few original joshes.

The December K. H. S. "Enterprise" has a rather crowded appearance, and few cuts. The stories are good. You have a good record in athletics, so don't let that one lost game discourage you.

Here's a neat little paper—the December "Dragon." Try to find a few more jokesshes.

What a cute little cover the Christmas "Echo" has, and the rest of the paper is the same. A few more cuts would add to the attractiveness of the paper.

This "Polytechnic Journal" for December is better than the preceding numbers. The joshes and jingles are fairly good. Hope your exchange column will increase in size.

The good material of the December "Crocus" is well arranged, but why not have some cuts?

"The Dream Mother" in the Christmas "Bulletin" certainly deserves a prize. The arrangement of the paper could be improved upon. We look in vain for joshes.

"Omnigraph," why no have more distinct headings for the different departments—a few cuts, for instance. The December number has not a good josh column.

The Christmas "Argus" is real neat and interesting. Why not have an index?

Welcome to the Somerset Idea." It's a new one, and good addition to our Exchange list. the cuts are very cute, but where are the stories?

"The Flame," as usual, provokes "naught but praise" from us. The joshes especially are good and the poem, "If I didn't have to Cook."

The December "Manzanita" is splendid—with the exception of the josh column. The neatness of arrangement is pleasing to see.

The Christmas "Eugene News" contains some splendid stories, but it is rather out of the ordinary arrangement, isn't it, to have a story running through the ads?

Here's one of our best—the Holiday number of the "Skirmisher," from St. Matthews. The arrangement is much improved, and all the material good. The cartoons and joshes are fine.

The cover of the Christmas "Oak" is neat and attractive. The stories are fairly good. The Exchange column is better than is found in most papers. This is a good point.

There is nothing to criticise about the November "Ilex." As usual it has good jokes.

The literary and editorial department of the December "Cogswell" deserve praise. The joshes seem to be mostly Ex. joshes.

Here's the "Sequoia" for December in a resplendent cover. This paper is good in all respects.

The Thanksgiving number of the "Bitter Root" contains a splendid literary department. The same may be said of the joshes, but the Exchange column needs improvement. Another new paper—"The Advance." The Commencement number is splendid, but where are the cuts? And the back of the book is an unusual place for the index.

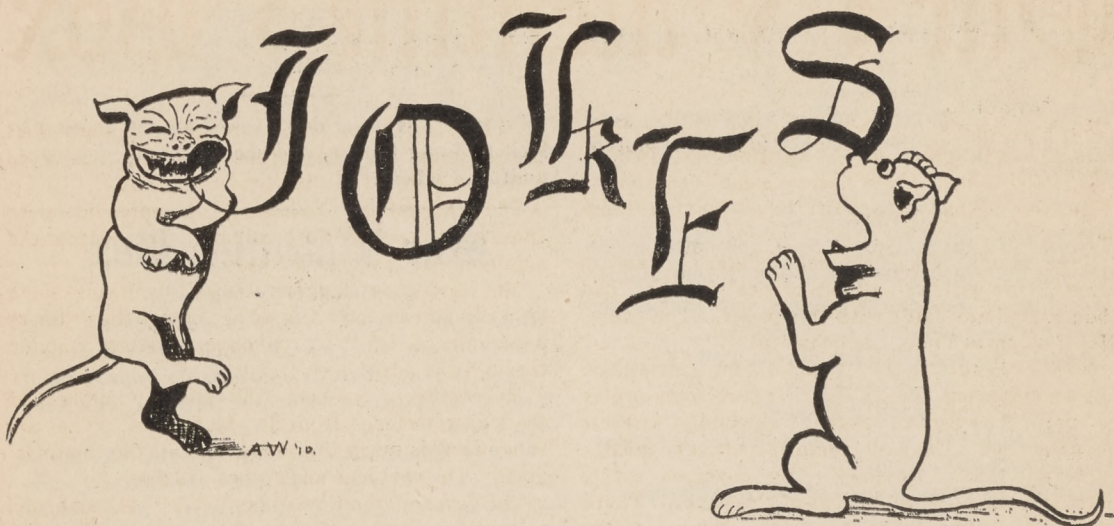
The first thing I notice about the December "Red and White" is the lack of an index. As I go on through the book I perceive that there are gifted poets and artists in the school.

The "Acorn" remains one of the best. The cartoons and joshes demand praise.

Why is the material of the December "Searchlight" so badly mixed? Good arrangement does a great deal toward making a paper, remember. The material is all good.

Not enough can be said in praise of the Christmas number of "Wilmerding Life." The literary department is excellent, as is the cover.

Continued on page 18



Ed. Note—Owing to the absence of the Josh Editor, this month, we are compelled to use Ex. Joshes, as we have no original ones at hand.

\* \* \*

#### YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION

"Love thy neighbor as thyself," said the minister with great earnestness. "Thomas," whispered the lady who lived next door to a pretty young widow, "Come away, this is no place for you."

Man—"Didnt' you promise to love, honor and obey me?"

Girl—"Heaven only knows what I promised, I was listening to hear what you promised."

Contributor—"You sit on every joke I submit to you."

Editor—"Well, I woudn't if they had any point."

Cethil—"Will you have a little lobster?"

Laura—"Cethil, this is so sudden."

Heard in Latin IV:

H. R.—"She dropped her face."

F. P.—"Her tears filled the whole bay."

H. R.—"Aeneas went into the field with a jump."

Every one must be blue—we can't get any joshes—so for the benefit of our readers we shall put in some joshes from the other papers.

French may be charming

And Dutch pretty well

But Greek is outrageous

And Latin is—hard

It may sound rude,

Sinfuland evil,

But Latin and Greek

May just go to the —library.

#### STARS INDEED

"Amelia," said a stren father, holding up a letter his daughter had accidentally dropped. "I found this on the stairs. Who wrote and sent it?" "It's—it's from Mr. Johnson," answered the girl in embarrassment. "Indeed, and what are all these things at the foot?" "Oh, those—er—er—are stars father. Mr. Johnson is teaching me astronomy!"

#### MODERN CONVENIENCES

Dolphy feeding the fire—girls around stove remark—"He'll have enough of that to do when he gets in the hot place."

Dolphy—"No siree, I'll have oil-burners down there."

Miss S.—"Miss Yarbrough how does this poem describe the stranger?"

V. Y. '13—"It describes his height and length."

'Tis said "Silence denotes wisdom." Is this so inHist IV? What a wise class!

Miss W. (To 2nd year girl in Drawing—"Why aren't you working?"

Girl—"I just this minute looked up to see what I was drawing."

A. H. '10—"I haven't opened my history yet. I don't even know where the battle of Lexington was fought."

#### TO CLASS '13

Teacher (To Freshman)—"Now, run down stairs little boy and wash your face and bury your gum."

Mrs. Fuss—"You're not going to eat that candy that fell in the mud, are you Bobby?"

Bobby—"No, not till I lick the mud off."

#### REALLY NOW

In English I—"On what subject did Demosthenes make his greatest orations?"

Pupil—"The impeachment of Warren Hastings."

#### HER QUESTION

"Well, Mirandy, they've found the North Pole at last."

"Sakes Alive, Hiram! You don't say! Where did they find it?"

#### SCIENTIFIC POETRY

Snow, snow, beautiful snow,  
Only crystallized H<sup>2</sup> O.

He—"As I gazed into your eyes the blue of the sky faded."

She—"And as I looked at you the grass seemed less green."

"Pass the Review of Reviews," said he,  
The boarders eyes did flash,  
As a youth looked absently up,  
And solemnly passed the hash.

Mayes—"The other day I asked my ma to have a chicken dinner for me, and she went and got me a handful of wheat."

## Our Valentine Box

Continued from page 16

November "Comet" where is your Index. The arrangement of the paper is much better than previously, in fact, there is a noticeable improvement in the whole paper. "Modern Methods" is a keen little story.

What a handsome one this is, the Christmas "Loyal Son's Claron." It is by far the best number we have received of that paper. It is excellent from cover to cover.

The "Guard and Tackle" is improving. The December number is a fine one. "Roderigo" is a remarkably good story.

The literary departments of nearly all the papers are improving. This is true, too, of the "Cardinal for December. All the way through it is an interesting little paper.

This is the first "Wallace World" I've seen for some time. The December number is fairly good, the arrangement neater than usual.

Well, here I am at the bottom of the box already. I could go on reading for hours when I have such good papers. I hope to see them all again next month.



## LOUIS C. KOBERG

Leading Jeweler

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Etc. Waterman Fountain Pens  
Class Pins to Order. Fine Repairing a Specialty

HEALDSBURG, CALIFORNIA

# Senate Notes

## OFFICERS

Cethil Jones, President  
 Conway Hall, Sergeant-at-arms  
 Bera Mothorn, Clerk  
 Gladys Hall, Assistant Clerk

## DEBATORS

Hon. Conway Hall, Ind.  
 Hon. Lela Yarbrough, Ala.  
 Hon. Joseph Thompson, Idaho.  
 Hon. Elizabeth Schwab, Miss.  
 Hon. Basil Hall, Ark.

On the afternoon of January 7, the halls of the Senate Chambers again rang with the oratory of the honorable members of that august body. Although it was that at one time that Webster and Hayne had thrashed out the race problem to everyone's satisfaction, we learned that those distinguished men could still find ample material upon the same subject with which to engage in a mighty combat, as of yore, if the Almighty should again see fit to place them in the walks of men.

The Bill discussed was one providing for the transportation of negro citizens of the United States to the Phillipine Islands, and there providing every male citizen with ten acres of land; said citizens to relinquish all rights of citizenship and to never again come within the naturalization process.

The Honorables Basil Hall and Lela Yarbrough, two of our Southern members warmly defended the Bill while the Honorables Joseph Thompson, Elizabeth Schwab and Conway Hall no less warmly opposed it.

The affirmative speeches dwelt upon the congested conditions in the South and abhorred the thought of the Blacks some day demanding social equality. The fact that they were ever brought here is to be deplored, but being here, the problem now is to get rid of them. The honorable member from Arkansas mentioned three ways of accomplishing this: First, by a wholesale massacre; secondly, by a forced abdication, such as the Acadians were sub-

ject to in the eighteenth century; and thirdly, by inciting emigration. The first he said, was impractical; the second, inhumane; and therefore the third was the only advisable mode of procedure.

The opposition ascertained from statistics that for the ten millions of negroes in the United States only three acres of land would be available by dividing the entire area of the Islands among them without taking into consideration the present population of that territory. The honorable member from Indiana further ascertained that at the rate of \$5,000,000 a year, the sum called for in the appropriation, it would take ten years to transport the present population of the Southern States, and if the African race continued to increase according to the present ratio, at the end of that time there would be enough negroes remaining to start in all over again. It was further stated that as the negro had become thoroughly naturalized and acclimated, and as the present generation had been born here, they considered this land as much their own as we, and are also exceedingly patriotic, their bravery and zeal being proven in several wars. Therefore they deemed it advisable to pass legislation providing better education and instruction for the "colored gemmen" in order that they may become more efficient citizens of the Union.

Interest ran high and voting was close. Being unable to decisively ascertain the opinion of the assembly in the usual reply to the question, a standing vote was called for and the result stood 30 against and 35 for the passage of the Bill. After hearing the first reading of the next Bill the meeting adjourned.

This organization is not managed for your amusement, but for your benefit, fellow Senators! and the only way to derive a lasting benefit for yourselves is to take an active part in the debates. Stir up some subject which you would like to hear debated upon and write up a Bill; any of the officers will be glad to receive it and it may save the President a few premature grey hairs!

As we said before:

Our Hobby  
is the Making of  
Really  
Good Printing

and—

If  
You'll make it your  
hobby to always get  
*Really Good Print-*  
*ing* we'll do business  
together and to *our*  
mutual satisfaction.

THE TRIBUNE'S WORK SHOP  
PHONE MAIN SIX FOUR

*Bodge's Book Shop—Down Town Headquarters*

# ROSENBERG & BUSH CLOTHES FOR YOUNG MEN

There's a big difference between clothes made especially for young men and clothes that are sometimes sold young men.

Our young men's clothes are made by tailors who have specialized on young men's clothes for over twenty years and millions of their suits and overcoats have been sold to the best dressed young men in every state.

We cordially invite you to inspect our

## **New Fall Models of Suits and Overcoats**

And observe the distinctive features of clothes that are made the Young Men's Way.

Here's to your eyes—here's to mine

Here's to my lips—here's to thine.

Our eyes, tho' not our lips have met,

But oh, you kid, I'll get you yet.

WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

Boy—"I am going to kiss you when I leave."

Girl (indignantly)—"Sir! leave the house this moment."

### **For Women**

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New Style Skirts

New Models

W. B. Corsets

Furs, Sweater Coats

Rain Proof Umbrellas

### **The Elite Toggery**

Ladies and Gents

**FURNISHINGS**

and

**CLOTHING**

**Chas. T. Byington**

### **Men's Clothes**

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Bill" Suits

Schwab's \$15 Specials

Schwab's \$20 "Better

Grade" Suits

College Cut Suits

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**Mountain View Creamery**

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Its Duty

Evans, the Place to Buy Drugs

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**Sonoma and Mendocino Realty Co.**

**Real Estate and Insurance**

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341 West Street

"You needn't trouble yourself to open your  
mouth any wider," said the dentist to his patient,  
"I intend standing outside."

Senior—"Pick that sliver out of my finger."

Junior—"What have you been doing?"

Senior—"Scratching a Freshie's head."

"Doesn't it always make you feel drowsy to hear  
the bees duzz?" "Not if one ever stung you."

Prof. (Chemistry—"I would say that your heads  
were vacuums if it were not for the fact that vac-  
uums take in things readily."

The Latest in Popular and Operatic Music Always at

## Skee & Harrison's

and of course you know who carries the Best  
Line of Furniture

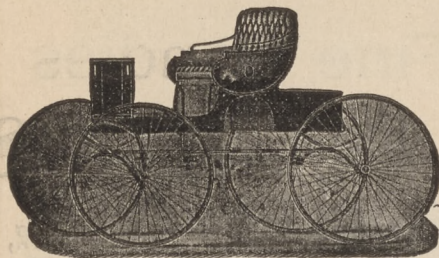
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**Save Money—Let Us Figure Your Bill**

**Satisfaction Guaranteed**



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for an "AUBURN"

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Why **BYERS** so  
is busy?

Because he does the best  
Cleaning and Dyeing in town

I know you won't believe it,

But it is really so,

One day in U. S. History

Mr. Hinchey said "Don't know!"

A burglar entered a certain student's house one night. The student was awakened, was confronted by a pistol and these words, "If you stir you are a dead man, I'm looking for money." The student replied "Let me get a light and I'll hunt with you."

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*Fancy Goods and Notions*

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Freshie to Soph—"In what course are you going to graduate?"

Soph—"Oh, in the course of time, I guess."

F. P. '10 (after Geom. test)—

Tests may come

Tests may go,

But I get C forever.

Boy—"If I hadn't got up when I did, my watch would have been gone—it was going when I got up."

Freshie (To Senior shaving)—"Are you shaving?"

Senior (fiercely)—"No, I'm down stairs blacking my boots. Where are you? Up on the roof flying a kite, or taking the goldfish for a walk in the gym?"

Teacher—"Why can't you spell that word?"

Scholar—"It's so long I am spell bound."

Barber—"Want a hair cut?"

Bright Boy—"No, all of them."

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Fine COFFEE for  
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**The Prescription Store**

PHONE MAIN 37

HEALDSBURG, CAL.

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—FOR—

*Dry Goods and Men's Furnishings*

HEALDSBURG, CALIFORNIA

A drop of ink makes millions think—  
Geom. III drives us all to drink.

1st Chauffeur—"There's one thing I hate to run over, and that's Freshmen."

2nd Chauffeur—"So do I, their nursing bottles are so hard on the tires."

Officer—"If you haven't a license you'll have to accompany me."

Organ Grinder—"All right, sir, what you going to sing?"

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